



THE PILOT.

THE CARRIER'S CHAUNT FOR 1849.

Huzza! for the Pilot that weathered the storm,—
Huzza! for Lord Elgin—Huzza! for Reform,—
Huzza! for our Ministers, honest and able,—
Huzza! for the measures they'll lay on the table,—
Huzza! for the Session that's going to be,
The Session the Province is longing to see,—
Huzza! for ourselves, who in prophecy bold,
In our last New-Year's Rhyme, all this triumph foretold,
Proving thus that in gifts, if no longer in name,
The Poet and Prophe. are ever the same.
Huzza! for the friends that stood steadily by us,—
Huzza! for Lama-tine—Huzza! for Pope Pius,—
Huzza! for the Banner of Freedom unfurl'd,
For the good of all nations, the weal of the world;—
Huzza! louder than all for our own native land,
For its cheerful obedience to lawful command,
For the best Constitution the world ever saw,—
Huzza! for the People, the Queen and the Law!
And, huzza! for the men that resist the attack
Of the Communist's doctrine,—long live Cavaignac.
We haven't got *much*, but we'd like to retain it,
Not divide with the boys that did nothing to gain it,
Not sharing our New Year's emoluments sweet,
With the first ragamuffins we find in the street.
But this is digression,—our present vocation,
Is to deal in poetical vaticination.
The Session that's coming shall ever be blest,
As the longest, the wisest, the greatest, the best.
Mr. Baldwin shall make all our Colleges flourish,
LaFontaine shall justice and equity nourish,—
Mr. Drummond all crimes shall detect and repress,
Mr. Blake all abuses expose and redress,—
Mr. Morin shall charm us with eloquent words,
Mr. Caron shall do the same thing in the Lords,—
Mr. Leslie shall answer all questions and calls,
Mr. Merritt shall give all kinds of canals,—
Messrs. Cameron and Taché make bridges and roads,
In all sorts of places, and all sorts of modes,—
Mr. Viger shall lessen our national debt,—
A thing that no Tory has ever done yet,—
Mr. Hincks shall make perfect our Representation,
Shall get us Free Trade too, and Free Navigation,—
Shall the duties impose in so charming a way,
'Twill be bliss to receive them and pleasure to pay,—
With such exquisite tact he the Tariff shall fill,
It shall gladden John Glass and please Peter M'Gill;—
He shall issue Dedentures (a marvellous thing),
That shall pay themselves off with the profit they bring;—
Libel law shall amend that the Press may be free,
And that men may write truth without fear of Gubee;—
He shall make us all rich—but if thus we run on,
In foretelling his deeds, we shall never have done.
If you know what is good for our country, you know
What he'll think, say, and do, and—Amen, be it so!
Having thus drawn aside the dark curtain of State,
And unveiled the designs of political fate—
Having speechified from our poetical throne,
Which we hold (more's the pity) for one day alone,
We come to the point, which, in all thronal speeches,
The great end of Government touchingly teaches;
Tho' a point of vast import in few words it lies—
"DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, GRANT US SUPPLIES!"
You know what the Carrier's necessities are,—
We'll accept of *Debentures*, and take them at par!